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Ballade of My Old Violin.

G. H. S.

SOME hand divine had wrought thy stain
Of lustrous amber, rich and aurate,
To embalm the glory of thy grain,
Dear violin, my old soul-mate,
Wherein the veins of music pulsate.
And mellow grown with age, in vain
Does time assail thee to abate
Thy beauty or thy voice profane.

Caressingly thy cheek I've lain
Against my own, and would relate
In anguish all the hidden pain,
Dear violin, my old soul-mate,
That is in love and life innate.
And thou wouldest then my grief contain
With tender tones, that mitigate
The heartache and gladden me again.

Sometimes thy deep, celestial strain
Can woo me from the sternest fate.
Again, thy plaintive, low refrain,
Dear violin, my old soul-mate,
Will bring the tears that expiate
The meanness and the sordid gain
Of life; and envy, fear and hate
Are banished from the heart and brain.

L'ENVOI.

Crowned king of instruments, thy reign,
By right divine inviolate,
O'er human hearts thou dost maintain,
Dear violin, my old soul-mate.

WE never regret kind acts, but often grieve
over unkindly and unloving ones, when friends
who have passed away can feel our love no
more.—*Matthew Russell, S. J.*

The Value of a Literary Training.

WILLIAM J. MILROY, '13.



IN an age which has cultivated
the sciences so industriously that
the impossible has come to mean
the self-contradictory; when the
genius of invention, invoking the
mighty god Electricity, supersedes
the stern laws of nature and mockingly converts
the inkiest night into broadest day; when
the telegraph annihilates space and the human
voice is made to travel across states; when
the bragging ocean has been subdued by the
keels of swift-flying cities; when the great
newspaper with its offices in every land and its
thousand servants gathering news by night
and day, compresses the earth's area into the
space of the daily paper; when automatic
machinery is so perfect that it appears to
possess a mind and to direct its own movements
instead of being directed; when commerce is
daily approaching the perfection of a system,
and when scientific invention with its watch-
word "Faster," visiting all departments of
human labor, tries and accomplishes the yes-
terday's impossible,—in such an age one
might expect to find the arts neglected
and impaired. It is natural that a sudden
pouring of intellectual energy into one stream
should enfeeble the other branch. Hence
literary critics are of one mind that the
present age is not a great constructive
period of literature. It is an age of imitators
and triflers. Literary progress is in suspense.
Things have been given practical values, and
literature, falling into popular contempt,
depreciates.

It is vain to protest against a national move-

ment whose growth was gradual and whose central life is yet steadily glowing. To protest against the lack of masterpieces would be silly, but to inquire into the common disregard of literary studies may prove sane and useful.

There are many people—"practical persons," they style themselves—who believe there is no advantage in the study of literature, and who look with pity on those students pursuing the Litt. B. degree. Practical men are not to be scorned; we need them. But a man who is forever paying toll at the "Pons Asinorum" and whose most colored imagining is built on some "two-and-two-equals-four" problem, though he may have money, is a pretty dull sort of animal. Yet let us not rail indiscriminately at these doubters. They may have observed vicious methods of teaching literature, or have known only empty-headed students.

It is not uncommon, we confess, that English literature is lamely taught in our colleges. Our defense is not of the teaching—we lament that it is not more satisfactory—but we are pleading for the things to be taught. What, then, is the use of exploring poetry and fiction; why do we study towards a Litt. B. degree? Is it for the purpose of packing the memory with dates and birthplaces? Is it for the purpose of cataloguing in our mind the world's writers and their productions? Or is it rather for refining the taste and deepening the emotional susceptibility, for acquiring an intimacy with the classic authors, walking in their company, feeling their emotions, understanding their deductions, in fine, partaking of their personality?

If this is what is meant by the study of literature, then there is real danger that the student may be improperly taught. He may know that Sir John Mandeville described fabulous travels: he may remember Sappho as the chief lyricist of Greece, and he may be certain that Dryden was not a novelist. But he does not, for that reason, know Mandeville or Sappho or Dryden. He has failed to note that vital distinction between literature and the history of literature. And it is this mistake—dealing with facts and neglecting the imagination,—which produces indifference first and later disgust in the ill-instructed student of English. He has a false notion of all things literary, for literature as he sees it, he has a fixed distaste. So he throws up his books and learns a trade, makes a living

wage, calls himself a practical man, and goes about during the rest of his life belittling literary ambition and ridiculing literary students.

All this because the instructor is stupid or the pupil unwilling. Thus it happens that colleges are swarming with Litt. B. laggards,—students who have no real and abiding interest in their work, whose ambition extends to the passing mark and then goes to sleep; students whose souls are as dull as a story related by a stutterer; whose machine-like intellects abhor the fanciful and the poetic. Such as these are poor memory slaves. They perceive not the golden crown about the brow of literature, nor the flashing of her wings—only the dust which sometimes gathers on her sandals. All their college course is superficial; they dabble with figures and history. For years their diet has been dusty facts, principles and theories—but the soul of literature they have never felt. Westminster Abbey is no more to them than a Carnegie Library. They could pass through that famous building without bettering their disposition or exciting their fancy, without quoting a line, without a sigh or a tear.

But is this the fruit of literary endeavor? No, you practical ones. We have shown you the dead limbs and the withered leaves. These are the results of a careless Litt. B. course. They show by contraries what a literary scholar should be. A literary man may not have "In Memoriam" by heart; he need not have struggled through "My Novel;" his memory may sometimes refuse to prompt him of George Eliot's true name; he may even forget where Grub Street is located. But he does know the cave of the treasures of the mind, and the golden door swings musically to his "Open Sesame." He aims ever at the general; the particular he leaves to pedants. He is so educated that he discerns and leaves the negligible, and grapples the essential, the true, the delightful. He has from his reading a circle of illustrious and ever constant friends whose entertainment never fails.

If he is a lawyer he may put by his cases, his arguments and his fees. Fancy transports him to Cleopatra's barge. It is night. The stars were never more lustrous, the Mediterranean more placid. A chorus of violins charms the night breeze; splashing oars echo the rhythm of the music. The authors he admires and the characters he loves, cluster around him, and singing of Truth and Love,

they drift like spirits towards the Greece that was.

If a doctor of medicine, he forgets his syringes, his vials, his lancets, and wanders with his favorite heroes and heroines of fiction among the purple hills of fairyland where Fancy is king. He has the pleasures of opium with no bitter pain succeeding, the garden of Adam with no forbidden fruit.

The literary man has but to cry his own password and the cave of splendors opens. As he stands there, holding the door ajar and talking with Shakespeare, do you not recognize some of the society going by? D'Artagnan and Uncas are stalking along, while behind them trip Rosalind and Rowena. See Lorna Doone and Portia ridiculing Hamlet's moroseness, while farther in, the Ancient Mariner is with difficulty recounting his tale to the impatient Don Quixote. Is not that Colonel Newcome strolling with Robinson Crusoe? Yes, and I believe I hear Cordelia's,—the door swings to, the music and gay laughter die.

The Tragedy.

EDWARD J. HOWARD, '12.

The quiet little town of Apornall lies at the foot of the towering Urals, and marks the frontier boundary of the province of Denmantia. The town is rarely visited by strangers, save when political exiles from the domain of King Victor pass through. Then all the farmers in the neighboring countryside come in and seek to lure them to work in their fields.

Standing in the midst of such activity as this one morning in the late summer, was Felix Dormsky, a tall, dark man, with burning eyes and massive physique. He was surrounded by a number of country men, all of whom sought to engage his services for the coming harvest, but he stared vacantly about, and seemed unconscious of the commotion about him. His thoughts were of the cruel "Carcire," from which he had only now been liberated, after twenty years of mental and physical torture. He thought of the base woman who was responsible for it all, and vaguely determined to be revenged. But he had no money, and without it he could do nothing and could go nowhere. For the present it were well to assume the rôle of the peasant, and to save what little

money he might earn as a laborer in the fields.

He turned to the nearest farmer and without asking for his terms, said: "I'll go." He was led to one side, and introduced to seven others who were in the same plight as himself.

As they left the town in a wagon and the lofty mountains gave way to fields laden with the harvest, the men felt as if they were losing all and fell into a silence not broken except when the driver turned around to admire the "huskies he had secured." They stopped only once during the long jolting ride and that was when the farmer wished to get the favorite "vodka." The horses were covering the distance with remarkable speed, and at last the farm, with its substantial home and barns, came into view. The occupants left the wagon and followed the man into the house; he beckoned to some servants who conducted them to a room where food of good quality had been placed on a long table. They understood well enough and ate as only hungry men can. Shortly after this the farmer came in and led them to an outhouse which was to be their home. It was a fairly large building with one room, well plastered and fixed up with beds in either corner. For the first time he spoke to them in their native tongue, asking if any of them had ever had any farming experience. Receiving no great assurances he passed out, leaving them for the night.

Tired as he was, Felix had no desire for sleep. The scenes of the last few days were still vivid in his mind. He was angry. To break his thoughts, he sought to speak to his companions. Only one was intelligent, the rest were of the lowest class. Together they paced the room, reviewing their wrongs and reviling the king in bitterest terms. One topic led to another; they spoke of the woman spy, the scourge of the revolutionists. Felix's companion seemed to have an intimate knowledge of the workings of the anti-royalists. The markings on the walls attracted their attention; evidently some people before them were filled with a desire to use the walls as a canvas. Both started. There in one corner was printed the word most secret to all the king's enemies—"raha,"—help. They examined it more closely; it was a fine bit of workmanship. Some poor victim of the tyrant had passed his time here. They talked and talked; finally they grew tired and went to bed.

Early the next morning they were awakened,

and after breakfast departed for the fields. In order to acquaint them better with the work, the farmer set them to stacking bundles of straw. The labor went on without stop and the time passed pleasantly and quickly. Felix and his companion were much together, and apparently became attached to each other. But something about the other aroused Felix's suspicions. One day he found a paper slightly protruding from his friend's bed and his curiosity confirmed what had been at first a slight misgiving. The man was a spy; the evidence was strong on the paper. Death! He would get that for his service!

The men had toiled hard all day and retired early. When it was still, Felix arose from his bed for the terrible deed. The man was a spy; he must no longer dog the poor people. Quietly he approached. An improvised knife, made from a scythe, flashed. A little groan and all was still. He listened for a moment but heard nothing. Gathering up his few belongings, he quickly left the building and was many miles away by day-break.

A long road leaves the village of Aubrey and winds at the foot of the Ural mountains. Dense woods line the way for some distance giving it a lonesome appearance. Peter Sodrusky, one of the farmers of the country, was driving home from town to his farm on a stretch of rough, uncultivated land. The northern part of Denmantia was not rich, and agriculture was very primitive. But other reasons led him to farming. He hated the king, and although exiled had managed to escape to the North where spies were not common. Here he fell in love with a young lady and married her. People told strange stories about her, but Peter never bothered himself about them. She loved him; he loved her. What else mattered?

As he drove along he saw a man wearily walking ahead of him. When he came near he offered him a ride. The stranger proved to be an affable person and talked much of the king and his tyranny. In the course of his conversation he purposely uttered the secret word of the revolutionists. It was enough. Peter insisted upon his remaining for a meal and a rest, if necessary. The traveller told of his mission to seek out the woman spy, the scourge of the commons. They soon

arrived at the house, where Peter insisted that the traveller remain until rested. Then he might go on with his search, although spies were unheard of in that vicinity. Mrs. Sodrusky was absent, but was expected to return during the afternoon. Peter showed the stranger some pictures of his wife and related her many good qualities. He did not notice the start his friend gave.

Some time later the woman appeared, left the horse for her husband to unhitch and passed into the house. She looked at the stranger in astonishment, while he glared at her with eyes full of hate. There stood the woman who had mocked him and sent him to the "Carcire." She was ready to cry out, but saved herself. For a moment they looked at each other, and then she said:

"Who are you? I don't know you. I shall call my husband."

"As you will," he replied; "but, Marie Brank, you are going to settle with me."

Peter came in and noticing his wife pale and trembling asked:

"What is the matter with you, Irene? Has the day's work overdone you?"

"No,—but, Felix," and she swayed.

"So you know the stranger," he said. "Felix, Felix, I thought your name was John."

"My name is Felix, Felix Ornsky."

Peter looked surprised, for he well knew the name.

"And your wife is—Marie Brank—the woman spy."

"My wife, Marie Brank,"—he slowly repeated. "You lie."

"Perhaps so. Judge for yourself." Extracting from his pocket a paper he handed it to Peter.

"My god! It is true," he wailed. He rushed for the rifle over the door and pressed it on her head.

"Be sensible," the stranger commanded. "You shall hear it from her own lips." Going

over to the prostrate woman he sternly said: "You are sly, Marie, but you can not cheat me. I swore to have your life the day you betrayed me. The moment has come for you to pray. Tell your husband all."

"I am not Marie," she faintly whispered.

"Do you think to escape me," he said savagely.

"Confess who you are or I will relate more. She made no reply. They took her up and

aid her on the bed. The stranger beckoned Peter to another room.

A figure crept noiselessly through the house to the lady's bed. Bending over he listened to the regular breathing. It was horrible to kill this defenseless woman. Perhaps, after all, the stranger was mistaken. He was half-minded to delay action.

"It is time," a voice softly whispered.

Peter started. He touched his wife and she awoke. "Come, Irene,—you must die."

"Oh, spare me," she cried.

"Expect no mercy," her husband firmly answered. "Confess yourself now." No answer came. The stranger stepped closer.

"Let her repeat it after me." He shook her and she groaned.

"Say this,—I, Marie Brank—"

"I, Marie Brank," came the feeble response.

"Am the woman spy, and deserve death"—

"And deserve death," she faintly answered.

Two forms bearing a third passed out into the yard. It was but the work of a moment to tie the body to a tree. Two figures stole back a few steps,—a hush followed and then a report. In a moment the grating of a shovel disturbed the silence of the night.

Just before dawn that morning a great fire lit up the heavens. Farmers gathered from every quarter and tried to save the burning home of Peter Sodrsky. It was too late.

At day break, nothing remained but ashes and the foul odor of things burnt. Lying in the ruins were two hideous forms, scarcely distinguishable as human. They were tightly clenched, and in the charred hand of one was a knife, the blade of which was sunk deep in the swollen torso of the other.

The Flower's Secret.

FRANK C. STANFORD, '13.

THERE are books full of wisdom, of joy and of tears,
Full of pleasures in youth, full of solace in years;
Still the volumes of Nature in woodland fresh bowers
Hold the secrets of life in the leaves of the flowers.

In the violet and primrose and small celandine,
There's a joy far more sparkling than red Rhenish wine;
There's a mem'ry in each of a love I once knew,
And a message there also I know must be true.

The Germania of Tacitus.

THOMAS A. J. DOCKWEILER, '12.

Few, if any, of the Latin classics are of greater interest to the student of the history of ancient Europe, and in particular of the relations that existed between the Roman Empire and the barbarian hordes of the North, than the *Germania* of Tacitus. If all the other works of this gifted writer were to perish except his remarkable treatise *de origine situ, moribus ac populis Germanorum*, he would still have an invincible claim to fame. In the field of classic Roman literature we have only this one exclusively geographico-ethnological treatise of note, that deals with a single nation. If only for this reason and no other, this book will be read as long as Latin literature is studied. As one would naturally expect, a tremendous amount of exegetical literature has accumulated about this celebrated treatise, and with the possible exception of Fustel de Coulanges, German scholars have contributed the most valuable efforts to the task of elucidating the *Germania*. Perhaps in this we may see something of Teutonic patriotism. Yet despite the assiduous labors of exegetists and commentators the exact meaning of not a few passages is still veiled in uncertainty.

The *Germania* was published in 98 A. D., the same year that saw the appearance of that famous biography, the *Agricola*. We read in the latter (ch. 3. non tamen . . . composuisse) that Tacitus had already planned to write his *History*, which was afterwards supplemented by the *Annals*. Now some of the most important events which occurred during the first century of the Empire's existence, were the ceaseless struggles of Rome with the semi-civilized Germanic tribes to the North—a people so formidable that they repeatedly routed the Roman legions and stood as an impenetrable barrier to the advance of the Roman eagles and their cherished world-dominion. Tacitus, in his *History* and *Annals*, lays great stress upon this subject. Under the circumstances this conscientious historian must have felt obliged to learn what he could of these great barbarian nations of the North. Because of the copiousness of the sources from which he drew his material, the information thus

collected must soon have accumulated to such an extent that it became impossible to embody it in his narrative, supposing, what is a mere assumption, that such was his original intention. For it must be remembered that the excursus and the appendix, like the footnote, were unknown to the ancients, and hence all details of an episodic character, despite the fact that they seriously interrupted the continuity of the narrative, had to be incorporated in the text itself, if they were to receive mention. The structure of the *Germania* shows that it was intended for independent publication. This being obviously the case, the question has been raised: what purpose did Tacitus have in writing the *Germania*?

One reading the *Germania* for the first time, and knowing nothing of the bitter controversy about its alleged purpose, would answer that the treatise was written for no other reason than to give interesting information, and the pleasure attendant on its reception. But this is not the attitude of the modern critics, who are not satisfied with so simple and plausible a solution of the question—perhaps because it is so simple and plausible; they endeavor with more or less ingenuity to find some covert, ulterior purpose.

Some of these higher critics hold that the *Germania* was written with a distinctly ethical or satirical purpose; others that it was a political pamphlet. The first of these views shall now be considered. A cursory perusal of the treatise on the Germans would force one to admit that Tacitus repeatedly idealizes these Northern barbarians, and emphatically points out their simple virtues. That by so doing he held up to scorn, ridicule and reprobation the degeneracy of the Roman civilization of his age, can not be questioned. But that this was the primary purpose which stimulated the historian can not be proved. Idealization of the Germans is at best incidental: a similar attitude towards the distant people of the North characterized the ancients generally. It is probably true to say that the *Germania* served as a canvas upon which Tacitus, displeased and disgusted with the conditions of the time in which he lived, painted his pessimistic reflections. The resulting picture was partly the effect of the subject-matter itself and partly of the feelings and convictions of the writer. The view, maintaining that the purpose of the *Germania* was ethical or satirical is

now seen by almost all scholars to be false.

That the *Germania* was intended as a political brochure is a hypothesis, which is defended by such distinguished authorities as Ashbach, Zernial, Furneaux, Goelzer and Müllenhoff. The arguments adduced by these in support of their contention is as follows: The *Germania* was written as a political pamphlet for the Emperor Trajan, and in opposition to a powerful party in Rome, advocating a vigorous, progressive policy involving offensive measures against the Germans. Though Trajan was notified of his accession to the throne sometime in 98 A. D., he did not return to Rome till the following year. For two years he had been engaged in disciplining the Rhenish legions. The attention of Rome was directed to the North, and all were in suspense awaiting the final outcome of the emperor's activity. The northern people became the object of renewed interest to the Romans. Hence it was that the appearance of Tacitus' treatise *de origine, situ, moribus ac populis Germanorum* in 98 A. D. was very opportune, and written as it was by a distinguished statesman, who had just retired from a consular office, proved an effective aid to Trajan's defensive policy.

Against these arguments it may be said that everything asserted is pure assumption. There is no evidence of the existence of an expansionist party; none that the Romans at that particular time sought information concerning the Germanic tribes: even if this were so, their thirst for knowledge could have been satisfied from readily accessible sources other than the *Germania*. The opportune appearance of the latter is purely fortuitous: the treatise was the result of the renewed literary activity of Tacitus—an activity which was held in check during the reign of the tyrant Domitian. If, as is contended by the supporters of the political pamphlet hypothesis, the *Germania* was written primarily for Trajan, and secondarily for the Roman people, the work was a bit of presumption on the part of its author, because Trajan was in a position to gain at first-hand knowledge which Tacitus could only furnish him as second-hand. Again, Tacitus' narration of the tremendous power of the Germans in war, and how they had defeated army after army sent against them by Rome, emphasizes the hopelessness of Rome ever trying to conquer or subdue them. Are not these remarks of Tacitus somewhat derog-

atory of the ability of Trajan, military genius that he was, to cope with the barbarian powers of the North? Finally, the *Germania* does not possess the character of a political pamphlet. True, not much is known of this kind of literature as it flourished in ancient Rome, yet sufficient is understood of its characteristics to say that the *Germania* does not belong to this class. In the *Germania* much is brought in that would not be found in a political pamphlet. Also, the latter demands a somewhat oratorical style which is certainly not present in the treatise on the Germans.

In its comparatively few pages the *Germania* contains some six hundred items of information, of which only about seventy are found elsewhere. All this material was taken at second-hand, because the hypothesis that Tacitus himself travelled among the people he describes is without foundation. Much of his information was furnished by friends, who got it directly or through merchants. He was indebted in a very small degree to Caesar's *De Bello Gallico*, and none at all to Pomponius Mela and Pliny's *Natural History*. He also probably used as a source Pliny's *Bella Germaniae* and the works of the Stoic Posidonius, both of which are no longer extant, and he may probably have consulted Varro, Aufidius Bassus, and Marimus' map, as well as others now unknown.

The concrete material collected in the *Germania* is trustworthy and valuable information. Tacitus in this book does not make "a single statement of fact which can be said to be *inherently improbable or incredible*," and he "has not been convicted of a *solitary misstatement, where he might or must have known better*." But "the same fidelity to ascertainable truth can not be claimed for the numerous *reflections, motives, feelings or ideals* which Tacitus attributes to the Germans."

The *Germania* is divided into two parts. The first twenty-seven chapters treat of the geography, the character, and the customs of the Germanic people in general, the remaining nineteen chapters, of the individual tribes specifically. Inasmuch as the *Germania* is a scientific treatise it is not written wholly in an oratorical or a narrative style. Yet in parts where the author was moved by a strong emotion there are wonderful rhetorical passages. One notable feature about the composition of this literary masterpiece is its remarkable brevity of expression and vivid conciseness.

Evetide by the Sea.

HENRY J. DOCKWEILER, '12.

O'ER dark'ning waters of the evening sea,
The mellow moonbeams play unceasingly,
And far along the shore-line dashes foam—
There, to the west, a thousand white-caps roam.

The perfumed air, fresh from the deep, sweeps o'er
And soon the night-damp falls upon the shore:
But still the curling waves press on the sand;
They creak, retreat, and others strike the land.

The shrill cry of the sea-gull fills the air,
And then at once almost a hundred pair—
Now flapping wings, then soaring in their flocks—
Sweep by and land upon the distant rocks.

The evening passes, and 'tis quiet there,
Save where a weird noise fills the balmy air
As tides and billows into cavern flow
About the rocky cliff far down below.

Charles Dickens: Class Symposium.

HIS MISSION.

At the mention of Dickens' name there springs up in the mind a memory of pleasant laughs at *Micawber* or *Sam Weller*, or of tearful sympathy for sweet and lovable *Little Nell*, or *Tiny Tim*. But how many really look with keener eye into the real intent of these characters? Is there nothing beneath this surface of humor and soulful portrayal of childish innocence? "Pickwick" won for Dickens a reputation, sudden and far-reaching, as a humorist; and had he not written "Oliver Twist" soon after, his public would have expected only the humorous, and probably would have accepted no other. But Dickens saved himself; for "Oliver Twist," with its pictures of the sad and poor and unhappy little Oliver mingled with its whole-hearted humor, showed that hidden beneath all the laughs there lay a deeper and nobler purpose. In this book Dickens appeared as a moral reformer whose purpose was to set forth the lives of London's unfortunates. His own younger days had furnished him with sufficient incidents; he had trodden the path of the poor, and small wonder if he wrote of them with so much feeling. Nearly all his

succeeding works combined the good humor of "Pickwick" with the seriousness of "Oliver Twist." In them there was always the purpose of arousing the public to a knowledge of the injustice done the poor and the down-trodden. Such was his mission, and in it Dickens succeeded admirably.

PATRICK A. BARRY.

AS A SOCIAL REFORMER.

On account of the Dickens' centennial, which occurred last month, the public interest has been quickened to what may be termed something like a Dickens' revival. The centenary has been celebrated all over the English-speaking world, and a wealth of articles are published by the different literary magazines on the character of Dickens and his writings. And although a great many aspects of this writer's character have been given forth by the press, still, the part he played as a social reformer has been singularly neglected.

Not only was Dickens actuated by motives of remedying social evils through his novels, but also through his numerous pamphlets, speeches, and letters. In questions pertaining to the education of the young, the housing of the poor, and the rearing of children he was particularly interested; and he gave out facts and remedies which would have been creditable to some of our most noted modern reformers.

His plans for bettering the social conditions included schools of industry, where the rudimentary knowledge of books could be immediately applied to life, with the view to obtaining order, economy, punctuality, and cleanliness in the congested parts of cities. The education of the masses was for him the panacea for curing most of the abuses and evils of social life for, he said, ignorance was the cause of the greater part of our crimes.

In 1854, when cholera broke out, he strenuously appealed to the working classes "to assert themselves and combine and demand the improvement of the towns in which they lived."

But however much he concerned himself with trying to remedy these evils, he was more keenly interested in prison reform. He maintained that we should use every possible effort to keep people away from the "contaminations" of the prisons. And how were

we to do this? By teaching the younger generation not only that prisons are places to be avoided, but also teach them how to avoid them: in a word, to inculcate the principles of morality.

Dickens was, moreover, a staunch advocate of the abolition of capital punishment, and although his policy in this matter did not meet with such general approval as some of his other doctrines, nevertheless, he was instrumental in bringing about the abolition of public executions. This he did through a bitter letter sent to the *London Times*. While Dickens penned his own signature to much of his work regarding social reform, it has been discovered that he published anonymous letters in "Household Words," and other publications, to effect the plan which he had so keenly at heart.

HENRY J. DOCKWEILER.

HIS ATTITUDE TOWARDS AMERICA.

Americans who read in Charles Dickens' "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit?" his sharp criticisms of American life and manners do not, as a usual thing, find themselves in sympathy with the author. It is of interest, therefore, to note the conditions under which this American trip, of which the author speaks, was made. Dickens was fast losing his health through hard work and the fatigue of his public readings when offers came from the United States. He dreaded the voyage, and accepted for financial reasons only. Scarcely had he reached America when he contracted a severe cold, which never left him during his visit. A doctor had to be in constant attendance, and during his readings he was never without a nervous dread that the reserve force, which came to him before an audience, would leave him,—that he would sink altogether. Such trials as these would color any man's outlook on the world about him, and it is not to be wondered that Dickens did not optimistically see only the bright and hopeful in America.

SIMON E. TWINING.

THE NOVELIST OF THE LOWLY.

A hundred years ago Charles Dickens, the master of pathos and humor, was born. He was the first novelist of importance in the modern field of literature to turn to the middle

class of society, and to present characters acting and being acted on the stage of work-a-day life. Rightly has he been called the "prophet of the middle class," for no writer knew the middle class better than Dickens. He understood human nature, and in the eyes of the men and women who crowded the streets of London he saw humor, love, and pathos.

It is because Dickens was a sympathetic, tender-hearted man that he was able to picture the inner and outer struggles of the poorer classes. His characters are not mere types—they are individuals true to life. His characters are always real characters in spite of the exaggeration in description, humor, and events. A century has passed since Dickens' birth, a century during which hundreds of writers have struggled,—some more, some less successfully for supremacy in the field of pathos—and yet Dickens' title as a champion in that field is still all his own.

FRANCIS X. LUZNY.

HIS LOVE OF THE UNFORTUNATE.

When one considers the work of a modern "Smart Set" novelist and then turns to consider Dickens, he can realize what contrasts there can be in the field of fiction. The one pleases for the moment by picturing the romantic superficiality of a class which does not deserve idealization, while the other, by an exaggerated realism and kindly humor, influences the heart towards a love of the poor.

Dickens was heartily in sympathy with the unfortunate and poverty stricken. By personal experience he knew of their hardships, and it was through his novels that the attention of England was turned towards a great number of important social problems.

He has many imitators, but none, it seems, can equal him in the exercise of that peculiar faculty of blending the ludicrous and the tragic in a manner that is not only inoffensive but positively pleasing to the class from which the characters are taken.

THOMAS F. O'NEIL.

HIS CHARACTERS.

The theme of many a novel has been the happy life of wealthy people. The splendor of the background enables an author in such a tale to put into his story much of the beauty

and joy that riches are supposed to bring. None of the sordidness of a lonely life need jar upon the reader's aesthetic sense. One delight in the works of Charles Dickens is his treatment of the life of the poorer classes. He describes many scenes where poverty all but presses out the finer feelings of his characters. *David Copperfield* is kept busy earning a living. *Mr. Micawber* has not enough time to do even that, and as a result, the walls of the debtors' prison are familiar sights. *Ham's* cottage by the sea is small, yet these people give to others more needy than themselves. They give not only the things that are for the body but they give their sympathy and friendship to sorrowing hearts. They stand far above those who give even generously out of their abundance. *David's* friend, *Steerforth*, had everything to make life happy, except character. And in lacking this, he lacked all—his wealth was his loss. Dickens has exalted the life of the middle class. He has shown that not all gentlefolk live in mansions, and that not all who live in mansions are gentlefolk.

Many of his heroines are women who do nothing but stay at home and do their work. Their work at times calls for more courage than that of a soldier. His heroes are often the fathers of large families whose self-sacrifice and kindness make scantily furnished rooms a home. His villains are those who break up such homes and bring more sorrow on people already hampered in a struggle for existence.

JOHN C. KELLEY.

A Winter Song.

CHARLES H. MANN

Oft in the winter time,
Ere Jack Frost's chains have bound me,
I fain would hear the chime,
Of sleigh bells ringing round me.
The smiles, the cheers,
Of previous years,
Each wintry day's glad token;
The gifts of love
From Him above,
Which earth and sky betoken!
Thus in the winter time,
Ere Jack Frost's chains have bound me,
I fain would hear the chime,
Of sleigh bells ringing round me.

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Board of Editors.

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—It is always gratifying to be able to say the pleasant thing. Doubly so when the pleasant thing is true. And it is true, and therefore doubly pleasant, to be able to record the genuine spirit of gentlemanly behavior of the students whenever and wherever massed together. In the crowd, if anywhere, the rough, or the thug, or the coward, will show a disposition to be unruly, hoping that the presence of so many will hide his misdemeanors. It is so easy to be bold when the risk of detection is comparatively small; yes, and so cowardly also. This high sense of honor, of respect for authority, of regard for the good name of the school on the part of the students is surely commendable. It should be the purpose of all to watch carefully the growth and perfection of a tradition so beneficial alike to the students and to the University.

—Through the very creditable work of William J. Milroy, '13, Notre Dame secured second place in the annual Indiana State Oratorical Contest, held at Indianapolis on Feb. 23. The University is truly proud of his achievement, and gratefully accords to her representative the praise he has justly merited; for Mr. Milroy has not only proved himself

to be an orator of no mean ability, but also a loyal son of the University who has reflected credit and honor upon his school.

Mr. Milroy in his theme, "A True Hero," mentioned Napoleon as a world-famed type, and then contrasted the striking instance of the obscure heroism of the "Apostle of the Lepers," Father Damien. Relying principally on the contrast of the two types he presented the fortitude of the humble Belgian priest in such an effective manner as to elicit from the judges a very high opinion of his manuscript. Mr. Milroy has preserved the tradition of Notre Dame's high standing in oratory, and is therefore deserving of sincere appreciation.

—Whether or not we regard Mr. Roosevelt as a proper candidate for the presidency, we can not fail to be shocked by his recent pronouncement in the matter of **The Recall of judicial recall.** Whatever we **Decisions.** may think of him as a man, we must admit that he has a wonderful personality, and that he yet holds a large place in the hearts of the people. Sincere or insincere, he has undoubtedly been the most spectacular figure in immediate modern American history. His word upon any subject is bound to have a great influence. If not in alarm, at least in regret, then, do we find him advocating a measure that would render meaningless an institution that has stood the test of centuries, here and in England, and that has contributed more than anything else, perhaps, to the success and prosperity of our life as a nation.

In an independent country, nothing needs more to be independent than the judiciary. Surround it with opportunities for dishonesty, limit it in any way, make it susceptible to money power or popular clamor, and you destroy its power for good. Because its purpose in government is to protect the weak and to restrain the strong, to decide and to define what is right and just, it must be free from fear of anything to come, once it has determined what is right. It is monstrous to place the judge at the mercy of the mob, and that is just what the recall would do. Mr. Roosevelt is not quite brave enough to say that the judge himself should be recalled, if his decision happens not to be in accordance with popular fancy. Instead, he very cleverly advocates a recall

of the decision. In effect, however, the two are the same. He would take away the finality of the law, and force the judge to consider too much what the majority of people will think of his decision, instead of permitting him to do the right regardless of all else.

—The interhall basketball schedule has been allowed to fall through because some of the halls failed for one reason or another to play on the date appointed.

The Quitting Spirit. There is entirely too much of the quitting spirit among some of the hall athletes to make interhall schedules anything more than a farce. There is a big meeting of managers and a schedule drawn up and rules formed and resolutions adopted. Everything starts with a rush. Then one team gets two games or so ahead; another team loses two games. At the next game the losing team "wont get out," and the game is "called off" or "postponed." Hall teams and hall players who quit are cheap sportsmen. They have no right to expect a word of sympathy from anybody, and they certainly wont get it here. It is characteristic of one or two halls to wait for coaxing before they appear, and after they have appeared the battle they put up isn't worth even the cost of coaxing. A little more spirit and fight for the sport's sake and for the honor of the hall will prove decidedly helpful.

—Words were designed for expressing thought and examinations were designed for disclosing to instructors the extent of students' knowledge of the subjects assigned

The Real Purpose. for study. There has been evolution. Today most attorneys concede that the man who defines words as "instruments for concealing thoughts" was a grim realist, and not a humorist. Examinations, too, now serve another purpose. If we are not too self-complacent they serve to show us—but not, we hope, our instructors—how far from thorough is our grasp of the subjects we have studied. Our weaknesses and defects are pointed out to us, not to discourage us, but to inspire us to make a new beginning, fortified by self-knowledge. For the earnest student—and why should any man be here if he is not earnest?—this is perhaps the chief value of the bi-monthly examinations. Nevertheless, some are still unappreciative.

State Oratorical Contest.

The annual contest of the State Oratorical Association was held at Tomlinson Hall, in Indianapolis, on the night of Friday, February 23. William Milroy, representing Notre Dame, was awarded second place, first honors going to Ralph Bollman of De Pauw University.

Mr. Milroy acquitted himself well and brought honor to the University. He undertook a delicate task, that of presenting the claim of a Catholic priest, Father Damien, before a mixed audience. His manuscript was smooth, clear and forceful, and his delivery was polished. His voice lacks the strength that imposes conviction, but his graceful stage presence put his audience at ease.

The contest was well up to the average, but the interest shown by the followers of Indiana oratory showed a marked falling off. It should be noted in this connection, however, that the Indianapolis Council, Knights of Columbus, showed a splendid spirit of loyalty to Notre Dame by assembling the finest Catholic crowd that ever attended a contest of the Association.

Following are the program of the contest and the summary of markings by the judges. The tie of Butler, Hanover and Franklin for last place was settled, as provided in the constitution, by taking the averages of delivery grades.

Presiding Officer,

Prof. Paul P. Boyd, President Hanover

Invocation.....Dr. A. B. Philpott

Pastor Central Christian Church, Indianapolis

Selection.....University Male Quartet

"A True Hero".....William J. Milroy, Notre Dame

"Democracy and Co-operation"

T. Elsa Jones, Earlham

"Our National Trend"

Ferdinand Tannenbaum, Wabash

"The Common Good"

Fred E. Schortemeier, Butler

Selection.....Quartet

"The Saving Element"

J. Speed Rogers, Hanover

"Brutus".....Ralph Bollman, De Pauw

"A Foe to Democracy"

Clarence Hall, Franklin

Decision of Judges.

Judges of Manuscript—Prof. James A. Winans, Cornell University; John H. Finley, President, College of the City of New York; Prof. A. E. Ross, University of Wisconsin.

Judges of Delivery—Charles R. Williams, Former Editor *Indianapolis News*; Charles A. Greathouse, State Superintendent of Public Instruction; W. E. Stone, President Purdue University.

DECISION OF JUDGES

Rank	Total	Great-house	Williams	Stone	Winans	Finley	Ross							
2	19	2	97	3	88	5	85	6	75	1	95	2	93	Notre Dame
3	20	3	95	1	95	3	90	2	88	6	75	5	84	Earlham
4	23	6	85	5	75	6	80	1	100	1	83	4	95	Wabash
5	30	5	92	4	80	2	03	5	70	7	70	7	78	Butler
6	30	4	94	6	55	4	88	7	65	3	85	6	80	Hanover
1	16	1	98	2	91	1	95	3	87	5	80	4	86	DePauw
7	30	7	88	7	50	7	75	4	86	2	90	3	88	Franklin

Leland T. Powers Gives Excellent Reading.

Leland T. Powers gave an excellent reading of Booth Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire" last Tuesday afternoon. The piece was well chosen and most interesting, and Mr. Powers produced it in the manner it deserves. His impersonation of the various characters,—the gruff English Duke, Lady Mary Carlyle, the care-free Monsieur Beaucaire and the dignified French Prince,—was the work of a true actor and one capable of playing a variety of entirely different parts. He was seen at his best, perhaps, at the point of greatest interest, such as the description of the fight on the road, or the scene at the ball just before the Prince reveals himself. Mr. Powers is no stranger at Notre Dame, and we hope it will not be long before he visits us again.

International Operatic Company.

The International Operatic Company gave an excellent concert last Saturday night in Washington Hall. Beyond a shadow of a doubt this was the best number of its kind on this year's program. The company is composed of four first-class performers and a very clever accompanist. A noticeable feature of this concert was the fact that the company departed somewhat from the usual songs given here in such entertainments. Thus a freshness and variety, so often lacking in these concerts, was obtained. The work of Mr. and Mrs. McKinnie was probably most appreciated. The former has a bass voice of great volume and sweetness. His solo "The Brigand" was roundly applauded. Mrs. McKinnie is a soprano of very high merit. She gave several solos, two of them being Swedish songs sung in national costume. In the last number the entire company presented the second act of "Martha."

Society Notes.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The regular meeting of the Civil Engineering Society was held on Wednesday night after the Lenten devotions. In a paper on "The Improvement of Navigable Streams," Mr. McSweeney demonstrated the importance to commerce of keeping streams open for purposes of navigation, and explained the manner of dredging them for that purpose.

The part which "Atmospheric Pressure" plays in our daily lives was well defined by Mr. Bracho. Our pumps depend wholly upon it; the barometer is made possible because of it; changes in our weather are due to variations in the pressure of the atmosphere, which cause winds to blow, and the ability of gas-bag balloons to ascend depends wholly upon atmospheric pressure.

Mr. Bartel told how to determine the "Density and Specific Gravity" of solids, liquids and gases. He told of the famous bathtub incident in which Archimedes figured and which led to the great discovery of the principle of buoyancy.

A question involving Newton's first and third laws of motion was thoroughly discussed by Mr. Ralph Newton.

HOLY CROSS LITERARY.

The Holy Cross Literary Society held its first regular meeting under its new officers on Sunday evening, February 26th. Mr. Remmes opened the program with a well-rendered violin solo. Messrs. Kelley and Luzny read original short-stories, both of which were very interesting. Mr. Hanrahan's paper on "Washington and Lincoln" was well constructed and very appropriate for the season. "Mysteries of the House Next Door," an exceptionally good story, was read by Mr. Becker. "Odds and Ends" was the title of some cleverly written local verse by Mr. Norckauer. Mr. Thomas Burke furnished the humorous part of the program with some anecdotes which were of such nature that he called them "Non Nomen." After some routine business the meeting adjourned.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The seventeenth regular meeting of the society was held last Sunday evening. The question for debate was: Resolved, That the initiative and referendum are destructive of

the principles of representative government. Messrs. V. Viso and H. Stanton composed the affirmative, and Messrs. E. Stephen and G. Clark, the negative side. The decision was awarded the affirmative. The Rev. Critic pointed out the advantages of memorized speaking over the reading of prepared speeches. He also bestowed generous praise on the work of Mr. Viso, who, though not using English as his native tongue, was above the average member in the ability to handle the subject for discussion.

Personals.

—Mr. John Harvath of Livingston, Montana, visited his two sons, Paul and Edward of Walsh hall, this week.

—Genial as ever "Cupid" Glynn, spent Sunday with the Old Collegers. "Cupid" is doing industrial chemistry work in Chicago.

—Harold Rempe, ex-Corby haller, visited the old home Saturday and Sunday. Foreman Bros. bankers, of Chicago, have Harold in their employ.

—J. M. Gutierrez (C. E. '10) paid his old friends a visit during the week. At present "Gutie" is holding down a very important position in Chicago.

—Charlie Deckman, of Cleveland, Ohio, who is now travelling for the Deckman-Duty Brick Company, renewed old acquaintances at the University last week.

—The Rev. William C. O'Brien, '06, was a guest of the Newman Club, of Ohio State University, at the banquet given the Varsity basketball team at Columbus, Ohio.

—The Very Rev. Provincial Morrissey and Colonel Hoynes, now Sir William, were the guests of the Notre Dame Club of New York on Thursday last after their long sail from Naples.

—George Washburn, (C. E. '11) spent Sunday with the "old boys." George is with the B. and O. Railroad, and has been doing field work, but at present is engaged in the home offices in Chicago.

—Anton Habenstreit (C. E. '11) is employed in the bridge construction department of the C. M. & St. P. R.R. "Tony" is located at Marion, Iowa. The SCHOLASTIC notes with pleasure that this popular "eleven" man is forging ahead.

Calendar.

Sunday, March 3—Second Sunday in Lent. Sermon, Rev. M. A. Quinlan.
Monday, March 4—Bi-Monthly Examinations.
Wednesday, March 6—Lenten Devotions, 7:30 p. m.
Sermon by Rev. Father M. A. Schumacher.
Thursday, March 7—Preliminaries for Varsity Debate.
Friday, March 8—Preliminaries for Varsity Debate.
Lenten Devotions, 7:30 p. m.
Saturday, March 9—Preliminaries for Varsity Debate

Obituary.

News of the death of Miss Nellie Henehan, beloved sister of Martin Henehan of Brownson Hall, was received at the University last Monday. Miss Henehan had long suffered from a stroke of paralysis. Recently her condition became serious, her brother being called to his home in Toledo, O., last Saturday. She was perfectly resigned and did not fear to meet her God. The funeral services were held in St. Patrick's church, Toledo, on Tuesday morning at 8:30 o'clock. Her burial followed in Calvary Cemetery. Many of the students of Brownson hall attended mass and received Holy Communion for the repose of her soul on Wednesday morning. May she rest in peace!

Local News.

—Martin's dancing school is closed for the Lenten season.

—"Sorin will hold the track trophy," says Le Blanc in a recent interview.

—This issue reports two of the best numbers in our lecture and concert program.

—Brownson hall debaters are hard at work preparing for their battle with Holy Cross.

—The Juniors have been granted general permissions—that is, a fraction of them have.

—The first of the St. Joseph's hall debate preliminaries is to be held Wednesday evening.

—Brownson basketball team played at Elkhart last Friday evening, defeating the Elkhart second high school team, 19-6.

—On Wednesday a faculty meeting was held at which important matters in connection with the examinations were discussed.

—The Walsh hall track team is at work in the gym every day. Corbyites will have to earn the championship if they get it.

—The bi-monthly tests are half over. Monday will see the finish of these disagreeable question marks.

—The baseball schedule is about ready, and will probably appear in our next issue. Some exciting home games are promised.

—Peter Yerns delivered an able address on "Ecuador, the Catholic Republic," before the St. Joseph's Literary Society Sunday evening.

—At a meeting of the Knights of Columbus, held Tuesday evening, the Rev. Father William Bolger delivered a very instructive address on Socialism.

—The Carroll hall boys lost a track meet to the Walsh hall Chicks some time in the remote past. The Chicks won by the margin of six or eight points.

—The *Dome* photographers are still busy taking photographs. It is the purpose of the *Dome* editors to have less drawings and more of local snapshots.

—Already the class crews are beginning to discuss the commencement races. Those who witnessed the junior-senior race last year will not soon forget the thrill at the finish.

—From the interest the Corby men are taking in the track work, Father Farley is confident that the trophy cup, now held by Sorin, will be added to the collection in his office.

—Announcements have been posted on all the bulletin boards calling for a large representation to enter the tryouts for the Peace Oratorical Contest which will be held at Earlham College this year.

—On account of lack of time for preparation the Walsh hall "Chicks" were forced to postpone their promised pre-Lenten smoker and vaudeville entertainment. Thus it may be christened post-Lenten.

—Khaki uniforms for Co. B arrived last Thursday. Because of examinations the Friday drill was postponed, and as a dress parade is scheduled for Monday the new uniforms will make their initial appearance Wednesday.

—English C. and English D students are writing orations for the Preparatory Oratorical Contest which will be held toward the end of the year. It is expected that each class will be represented by a half dozen men, so that an exciting final contest will result.

—The *Sacred Heart Review* published an

editorial recently on the good work which is accomplished by the Apostolate of Religious Reading. That the Apostolate is steadily growing is evidenced by the fact that new books are continually added to the library.

—The names of Joseph M. Walsh and Thomas F. O'Neil, sophomore and senior students in the order named, have been appointed to the SCHOLASTIC staff. Mr. O'Neil will work in the editorial department and Mr. Walsh will be editor of the alumni and personal columns.

—Certain members of the faculty and a few privileged college men witnessed the Senior play, "Queen Blanche," given by the graduating class of St. Mary's College last evening. From the glowing accounts which those present give of the performance it must have been decidedly successful.

Athletic Notes.

DE PAUL OUTCLASSED.

Last Saturday the highest basketball score of the season was run up when the Varsity secured 58 points on the De Paul five. Incidentally, the rooters were given an opportunity to cheer the gold and blue men on the showing made on their scalp-taking trip, and to witness an exhibition of that trim which won so much admiration last week. The Varsity combination was snappy and De Paul never had the ghost of a chance to win. Besides being outweighed they were outclassed and outgeneraled at every turn. After the Varsity had run the score well up into the thirties, the regulars were given a rest and the reserves were sent in, but even these De Paul could not stop. The team-work of the Varsity was one prolonged feature, but the real surprise party of the game was Feeney's securing two field goals, which feats brought the favorite guard hearty rounds of applause. The score:

Notre Dame (58)		De Paul (11)
Cahill, Kelly	R. F.	Kolb
McNichol, Kenny	L. F.	Wathier (Capt.)
Granfield (C.), Nowers	C.	Quinlan
Nowers, Kelleher	R. G.	Ward
Feeney, Byrne	L. G.	Fitzpatrick, Lyman

Summary: Field goals—Cahill 7, Nowers 6, Granfield 4, Kenny 4, Kelly 2, Feeney 2, McNichol, Kelleher; Wathier 2, Kolb. Free throws—McNichol 2, Cahill, Kenny; Kolb 3. Referee—Barnhard (Indiana). Time of halves—20 minutes.

Since the Varsity and the Commercial Athletic Club of South Bend have each won a game,

Manager Cotter has arranged a rubber to be played on a neutral court which is to decide conflicting claims. This game promises to be highly interesting, and will in all probability be played on the South Bend Y. M. C. A. court next Wednesday evening. It will be the last game of our very successful season.

INTERHALL BASKETBALL RESULTS.

Sorin and St. Joseph finished the basketball season in a featureless contest February 22, resulting in a victory for the latter by the advantage of 12-9. Both teams showed a decided lack of practice, and Farrell's clever work alone kept the Saints in the front. For Sorin, Corcoran and Hayes showed up exceptionally well.

By the withdrawal of Brownson, there remained to be played three games, two between Sorin and Walsh and one between Sorin and Corby. The lateness of the season, however, will probably cause these contests to go by. Giving each hall the game forfeited them by Brownson, the standing of the league is as follows:

	Won	Lost
Corby	7	0
St. Joseph	5	3
Brownson	3	5
Sorin	1	5
Walsh	1	5

Corby with a seasoned team went the rounds without a defeat and again is the champion.

St. Joseph with perhaps the hardest schedule lost to Corby twice and to Brownson once entitling them to second place.

Brownson started out well and after receiving their first defeat from the "champs" withdrew, and are therefore by virtue of forfeited games given third place. The action of the Brownson basketball team in quitting before the close of the season has not added anything to the record of Brownson for good sportsmanship. Sorin and Walsh were content to be tied for the last place. Walsh, always a game fighter, only quit with the last whistle. Sorin after a weak start, finished.

CORBY TROUNCES ALL-STARS.

Not satisfied as pennant winners, Corby will play a series of games with an "all-star" combination to settle supremacy. Kane and Howard of St. Joseph, O'Rourke, Smith and Kelley of Brownson, Byrne and Baujan of Walsh and Dougherty of Sorin essayed to tame the champs February 25 and nearly succeeded. After a

hard fight the referee notified them that the score was against them 21-10. Kane, Kelly and Byrne excelled for the "Stars" while Corby as a unit were good.

Two more games will be played on Feb. 29 and March 3. With a little practice to develop team work the "Stars" are going to force the Braves to the limit to win. Bring your friends and rooters, for some hot stuff is assured.

GOLD AND BLUE MEET THIS AFTERNOON.

An opportunity to pass upon the merit of the candidates for track honors will be given the rooters this afternoon when Coach Maris' band will stage the first inter-collegiate meet of the year. The squad has been divided into teams of comparatively equal strength for the day, and competition for the highest honors should provide some keen excitement. Captain Fletcher is slated to lead the "Gold" team, while Philbrook will perform the same office for the "Blue" adherents.

The meet will mark the first formal appearance of most of the freshmen recruits and will serve to verify or disprove the glowing accounts which are afloat concerning some of them. Following is a list of the entries for the meet:

GOLD.	BLUE.
Fletcher (C.), Bergman	Mehlem, Donovan
40-yard dash.	
Fletcher	Williams, Donovan
40-yard low hurdles.	
Fletcher	Philbrook, Williams
40-yard high hurdles.	
Fisher, Henahan	Birder, McLaughlin
440-yard run.	
Plant	Hogan
Mile run.	
Cavanaugh,	Thomas
Two-mile run.	
Fletcher,	Philbrook
High jump.	
O'Neill,	Rockne
Pole vault.	
Hood	Williams, Mehlem, Rockne
Broad jump.	
O'Neill, Larsen	Philbrook, Eichenlaub
Shot put	
Fletcher, Bergman	Mehlem, Rockne, Birder
Plant, Fisher, Henahan.	McLaughlin, Donovan
Relay race.	

GRANFIELD'S AND CAHILL'S GOOD WORK.

A blue pencil wielded by the chief on the "copy" of last week relating to the triumphal jaunt of the basketball team deprived the two major stars of the public recognition to which their showing on the trip entitled them. Cap-

tain Granfield and Cahill were the subjects of the glowing paragraph eliminated from the account because of the crowded condition of the sport page. The news reports displayed during the past week by the dean of the haberdashery department gave a detailed story of the work of the pair in the different games and served to acquaint the fans with their deeds of prowess on foreign fields. Both of the men were the most consistent players in every game. Granfield's floor work, passing and basket shooting drew complimentary mention from all the scribes, and caused him to be ranked by several as the best all-round player seen in years. The performance of Jimmy Cahill in the Earlham game, when he secured thirteen of the seventeen points obtained by the Varsity, was but the first of five exhibitions of a like nature. Coach Maris thought so well of the little forward that he permitted him to play through all the games with one lone exception, relieving him on that occasion only because the result was no longer in doubt.

Safety Valve.

The Bi-Monthly State Fair is now on.

Every donkey will appear with his pony.

Write on one side of the pony only.

Do not fold the pony.

NOTHING DOING, WINTRY BLASTS!

Wintry blasts can do little to chill the ardor of the band of (diamond artists)² engaged in the squabble for places on the Varsity.—*Athletic Notes.*

THE MEN WHO HAVE RISEN.

III.—ERICH DE FRIES.

To the subject of this week's symposium we may appropriately apply the beautiful words of America's greatest poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (born in Portland, Maine, 1807)

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight.

There certainly is no doubt as to the heights reached and successfully held by my friend Erich—as I prefer to call him in the familiarity of daily converse. In regard to the flight, I have only to say if he didn't actually fly he must have gone it at a good clip, for he has reached far and is still young—just 21. And we know bunches of men who are much older and haven't gone half his height and never will.

Mr. De Fries—to lapse back to formalities—is a valued contributor to These Columns. Many a time when We were doging bouquets; We felt they belonged

to our Friend; many a time when the Undergraduates and Graduates (with C. and G.) and the Holdovers, and the Conditioned Exam crowd hollered at Us we knew they should have been hollering at him. But what is a trifle *ad me et ad amicum meum?* [literally: to me and to friend mine.]

Edmond Henry Savord once said: "If I weren't Savord, I'd like to be Erich De Fries." And considering the high estimation in which Mr. Savord is held by our friend Edmond Henry, this is some tall praise for Erich. Guy DeMaupassant or some other guy in our next.

THE QUEST.

[A Fragment]

Gray was the morn at Camelot, the still
Citadel of many magic towers,
When rose a cry: "A lady lost! Mayhap
The Lady Lyonors! Beneath the snow!"
Then cried two hundred knights: "The quest is
mine!"

Brave men and true were they, the flower of all
The magic city: Brownson, Carroll, Walsh,
The Corby Braves and studious, slumberous Sorin.
Away to west they sped, when all the land
Was white with Riven Snow. "'Tis mine, 'tis mine!
To find!" cried each to either; either unto
Each, while High Purpose shone on every Brow.
Some into banks of snow did plunge, and cried:
"The Quest! She's here!" And some great ancient
trees

Quick clomb and called: "The quest, my quest,
she's here!"

But Merlin, Arthur's mage, an ancient man,
White with the hoar frost of some forty years,
Proclaimed: "Ye follow wandering fires! No quest
For ye! A husbandman hath found the dame;
Go beat it back again to Camelot."

Then rose a murmur from the stalwart knights:
"A husband, man? They said she was a maid,
Young as the Summer when fair June is here!
Shucks! if she's married we give up the quest,
And beat it back again to Camelot."
And they beat it.

WHAT HELD THE CROWD.

Father Hagerty, Father Carroll and Bro. Alban spoke briefly at the lunch which followed. Ice cream cakes, candies, and all kinds of good things were served up with the speeches—*Local Items.*

It snow last night. Beautiful snow!

LENTEN FAVORITES.

Sergeant Herring.

Bill Fish.

The Dead Line.

Sundays.

FOUR MONTHS MORE.

March

April

Dome

June.